

# THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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## CHAPTER XII.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN LINES.

DARRELL followed the course of the stream, which led him back toward the highway. There was a bridge formed of a single stone arch, and the bushes grew close up to the sides of it. The voices of soldiers standing upon the bridge were audible as Darrell crept up in the shadow, and he could hear the tramp of many feet. A regiment was marching, but not upon the highway. There must be a road intersecting it and running parallel to the present course of the stream.

The stream was so high that it left only a fringe of wet rocks on each side of the arch, and Darrell worked his way along with considerable difficulty. He succeeded in getting through with no worse misfortune than a hard fall on the rocks, and presently he was again within the shelter of the trees beside the water. A hundred yards farther along, the stream bent sharply to the left and passed under the road upon which the troops were marching. It was not an easy task to elude observation under such circumstances, and Darrell narrowly escaped a squad of soldiers that had taken advantage of a halt to fill their canteens. He lay within ten feet of them for many minutes and overheard snatches of their conversation, from which he learned that this force had come by rail to a point not far north of Vladikavkas and had made a circuit of the city, that it was composed of troops from the province of Stavropol and that it was depending upon re-enforcements concerning which there was a rumor of delay.

The men were recalled at last, and Darrell passed the second bridge. A little later he ascended a hill beside the stream, and, being overcome with weariness, he lay down to sleep just as the moon began to light the sky in the east. He awoke at daybreak, stiff with cold and painfully lame as a result of his fall upon the rocks. Hobbling to the edge of the trees, he found that he had accidentally chosen a spot singularly favorable for observation.

Despite the roughness of the region, Darrell could see almost the entire extent of the Russian force. The line as he saw it was about two miles long, and doubtless there were skirmishers beyond his vision. There seemed to be between 5,000 and 6,000 men, nearly all infantry. The center was on the main highway from Vladikavkas to Gredskov, and there had been great changes in the disposition of the force during the latter part of the night. The way by which Darrell had come was now the least practicable that his eye could discover, yet he could see other places where a man might pass aided by the roughness of the country and the darkness of night.

His proximity to the line was an element of peril; indeed, he wondered that the very spot on which he stood was not held by a picket guard. Retreating from the place, he became aware of men upon the north slope of the hill ascending, but he eluded them, passing around to the westward. He encountered far less difficulty than he had expected and was soon beyond the reach of anything except some chance scouting party. It seemed to him that the Cossack outposts around Vladikavkas could not be more than ten miles away, yet he was so lame from his fall that even this short distance involved a great exertion and much pain.

On the slender chance of finding any beast that a man might ride he visited several deserted farmhouses, securing enough food for his needs, but no cat. He was such a condition that a sound ox would have seemed a good mount, but there was none to be had. In one of the houses he was greatly surprised to discover a gun, almost the last thing he would have supposed that a fleeing tenant would abandon. It was a muzzle loading weapon of the type of many years ago; but, as there was a supply of ammunition, Darrell thought the gun worth taking.

During the day he made very little progress, being twice compelled to lie hidden while Russian scouting parties were about. Sunset found him far to the west of the highway, uncertain of his way and suffering both from exhaustion and the injury that he had sustained on the previous night. He came at last to a road that was scarcely more than a trail through the woods, and by the side of it he sat down to eat such food as he had and to rest. He fell into a doze, with his back against the moss covered stump of a tree, and it was dark when he awoke.

Something had startled him. He felt a thrill of vague alarm as he struggled back to consciousness, and the rusty gun that he had taken from the farmhouse was in his hands without an effort of volition. He heard the sound of a horse's feet, and immediately the beast and his rider came into view, dim in the starlight.

Without a thought in his half wakened mind, except that he needed a horse, Darrell sprang out into the path, with the gun in his hands, and cried out, "Halt!" It was the horse that obeyed the order. The rider continued to advance, by the law of inertia, and he came to rest like a sack of meal on the soft moss by the roadside. Darrell instantly pounced upon him, but it was wholly unnecessary, for the man did not move. He was lying upon his face, unconscious.

A hasty glance assured Darrell that the horse would not run. The poor beast was standing as if on wooden legs driven into the ground. Battered in this particular, Darrell looked again

to his prisoner and became suddenly aware that he wore a Cossack officer's uniform under a long and ragged coat. In another instant he had turned the man upon his back and was gazing into the face of Korna.

There was no sign of injury. Korna had fallen limp as a drunkard and with a drunkard's immunity from broken bones. It was the mere shock that had robbed him of his wits. Darrell was at a loss to understand how so good a horseman had been so easily thrown, and yet the manner of the fall gave some hint of the explanation, so that Darrell was not wholly surprised when Korna had regained his power of speech to hear him utter in Russian (for he fancied that he was addressing Russian soldiers): "Don't make me move. I'm too tired to stand on my feet."

It required some minutes for Darrell to make himself known and to explain his act. Finally Korna sat up and looked at the American with a glance of comprehension.

"I've scarcely been out of the saddle since I left you," he said, "and I was almost played out then. There's a little village in the hills to the west of Gredskov and the mouth of the pass. It is out of the way of everything, a quiet and beautiful place. You wouldn't believe there could be anything like it in this region. There two years ago I met the girl who will be my wife some day. To that quiet spot when we began this war I sent my mother,



Darrell sprang out into the path.

knowing what reprisals are sometimes made. My two younger brothers were with her, and she was safe so far as military operations are concerned, but I was afraid that Kizlar, who knew of her retreat, would seek me there, and so I have sent them all farther west. Ah, I have ridden a long way, my friend. I think I was asleep in the saddle when you played the highwayman."

He lay back upon the moss with a sigh, and slumber gathered his head into his lap as if fell. Darrell fed the horse among the trees and then watched beside the sleeper until the sky over his head began to be silvery by the rising moon. Then he roused him and led him to a brook where the water ran cold as ice. Korna drank of it and then thrust in his head, declaring afterward that he was as good as new and fit for any adventure.

The horse was not in condition to carry double, but he was perfectly sound and much refreshed by his rest. Darrell mounted him, and Korna walked at his head. It was in the nature of a relief for the Cossack to walk after so long a time in the saddle, and to Darrell's lame leg the change in method of locomotion was grateful as sleep.

They proceeded with caution and exchanged but few words. The light of morning was in the sky when they were challenged by the pickets outside of Vladikavkas, and an hour later they were both asleep within the walls of the city. They had asked to be roused after two hours of slumber, and this was done. A breakfast that seemed far fit for the gods to Darrell was ready, and as it was brought in, an orderly appeared with the information that Motman Khan would receive them presently.

Korna looked sharply at Darrell, and when the orderly had withdrawn he asked:

"Whom do you expect to see?"

"I have no doubts upon the subject," answered the American. "My only puzzle is the reason for this masquerade."

"The princess desired to take the field," replied Korna, "but Kizlar persuaded her that she could not do it as a woman. So she took this name of Motman Khan, which was assumed by a member of her family during a brief but futile uprising following the peace of thirty odd years ago."

"He is no fool, this Kizlar," rejoined Darrell.

"It is far better for him that the troops should cheer her as Motman Khan than directly as the Princess Vera," said Korna. "It makes her a military leader, in which capacity she cannot hope to rival Kizlar, who is the best soldier that ever led an army in Cossackia—and I say that though I hate him for ten thousand reasons."

"Being so good a soldier," said Darrell, "why has he permitted this grotesque invasion? What good can he hope to gain for Cossackia?"

"I think," said Korna, interrupting, "that you have the making of a fairly good soldier inside your own skin, a good enough soldier, in fact, to understand this whole situation. I have done my best for my country with my

influence and with my sword. That is all that I can say."

"Shall we present ourselves before the khan?" said Darrell, rising, and Korna bowed gravely in assent.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KHAN.



MOTMAN KHAN had established headquarters in a house that had been occupied by the colonel commanding the Russian garrison in Vladikavkas. A much more pretentious residence might have been chosen, but the khan had preferred this simple abode, perhaps because of its military associations.

Upon the way there Darrell learned something of the taking of the place through the conversation of an officer, a friend of Korna's, who had got news of his arrival in the city and had come to greet him. It appeared that, though there is a railroad to Vladikavkas, the garrison had not been re-enforced at the outbreak of the struggle to the extent necessary to hold it, and, even so, the force within the walls had retreated upon very small provocation, in the officer's opinion. He said flatly that the city ought to have been held without much difficulty and that the Russian retreat from it ought to result in a court martial or two.

"However," he added, "we can't hold it, and the sooner we make a junction with Prince Kizlar the better."

He was surprised to hear from Darrell that so numerous a force lay south of them. According to the best of his information, no adequate report of the conditions had reached the khan.

Outside the house of the khan there was evidence of a good but somewhat spectacular military discipline. An unnecessary number of sentries stood upon guard, and they challenged all comers in a manner that suggested to Darrell the military dramas that he had seen in his own country. His heart swelled with pity for the woman he loved thus playing soldier in this preposterous campaign.

Upon the veranda of the structure he beheld a woman with the figure and warlike bearing of Brunhilde, but too old for the role, and he learned that she was a princess who had been a sort of military heroine in the fighting days of the sixties. This formidable person retreated within the house as the party advanced, but Darrell was glad to have seen her.

Fausting for a moment in the hall, he was conscious of a boyish excitement agreeable to the heart as any touch of youth is to the man who has seen much of life. A door opened. He heard the sound of Vera's voice, and the blood rushed to his face.

The princess sat by a long table upon which were many documents and maps. By her side stood a gray haired man in a general's uniform. He was a typical Cossack, slender limbed, disproportionately broad in the shoulder, his face stamped with that sort of pride which requires nothing but the man's existence to account for it. Yet this expression was modified by anxiety and by a deference for the princess which was not without fineness of quality.

Darrell marked the man because the opening door revealed him before the

princess. Then he saw nothing but Vera. She had grown much older in these months, and her face revealed lines that belonged not to its years. Yet she seemed to have borne her hardships without loss of health. Her color was good and her eyes were wonderfully bright. Her shoulders were covered by a gold embroidered cape that did not lack a feminine suggestion. But Darrell saw under the table two riding boots that might have been a man's except that they were not big enough, and at the tops of them baggy trousers like a Turk's.

"M. Darrell," said Vera in French and very coldly, as he thought, "I regret to hear of your misfortunes, though I do not yet understand how they could have happened. Be assured, however, that you are safe within our lines and that I shall soon find a way by which you can return to France."

"With your permission, excellency," replied Darrell, "that is the least of my anxieties."

"I do not comprehend," said she.

"I will go where you send me," he answered, "whether to France or elsewhere, if it be upon your service, but I wish you might find me for me nearer at hand."

"It may be so," said she, inclining her head in such a way that, in obedience to the nod, he stepped aside, permitting Korna to advance.

"Excellency," said Korna, "I have to report that when your order regarding Mr. Darrell was brought to Gredskov it was delivered to me as an officer of Prince Kizlar's staff. The princess was then outside the city for the purpose of overtaking a caravan which, having come through the pass, was endeavoring to escape without paying toll to our cause. Believing the matter urgent, I rode out and attempted to deliver the order. The prince refused to receive it, and when I insisted he attacked me with his sword. We were alone together—or supposed ourselves to be so—in a room of a farmhouse by the highway, but through a strange coincidence Mr. Darrell was concealed in a room overhead. He came to my assistance, and we both escaped, leaving the order in the prince's hands. I have come here to seek your excellency's protection."

The situation involved more points of military etiquette than Vera felt able to decide offhand, and she looked out of the corner of her eye at the general, who stood by the end of the table. She felt a woman's sudden resentment that her order should have been treated with disrespect, but also she was moved by that feminine instinct of utilities which let her perceive that, after all, the object of the order had been attained. Moreover, she doubtless knew what was the matter with Prince Kizlar, and so long as he had not actually slain Darrell from jealousy the crime of attempting to do so appeared less black than it should. What she wanted was an easy way out of the difficulty, and the general so understood.

"Does Colonel Korna desire to make formal charges?" he asked.

"I will do nothing to breed discord in this critical hour," replied Korna firmly. "My own petty wrongs are not

worth considering. I mention them merely that my report and the fact of my presence here may be understood. What I desire is a chance to serve our cause, and, if I might make a request, it would be that I should be assigned to duty here."

"General," said Vera, "my desire is to grant this request. Will you assign Colonel Korna to duty?"

"I would welcome him upon my staff," said the general, whereupon Korna made proper acknowledgments, and the incident seemed happily closed.

"As to the Russian force now lying between us and Gredskov," said Korna, "I have certain information, but Mr. Darrell has much more, so that I hesitate to speak before he has been heard."

This judicious remark brought Darrell back to the center of the stage, and his report was eagerly received. It appeared immediately that his information was far more accurate than any that had previously been brought in. His estimate of the Russian force, with sketches of its position, made the situation seem far more serious than it had hitherto been considered. It was obvious that the Russians must expect to co-operate with a force moving down from the north and that the plan was to annihilate the little Cossack army in Vladikavkas.

"The position which they have taken," said Darrell, "is merely that of the greatest advantage in case your force should attempt a voluntary movement toward Gredskov. At the proper time they will advance to invest this city closely upon the south, but they do not wish to do it prematurely because they are not strong enough to take the place by assault, and an indecisive action might result in bringing up Prince Kizlar's army in their rear. Clearly there has been some hitch in their plan, for the thing was to have been done quickly; otherwise this flying column of Russians might be caught by Kizlar's advance and be in a bad place. Something has delayed their larger force that was to move down from the north, or you would already be engaged with it. They certainly must have expected to take Vladikavkas this morning."

"Kizlar's scouts should have reported the presence of this force," said Vera, "and he should already be advancing."

"We have no knowledge that such is the case," said the general. "We cannot assume that the prince is in possession of information equal to ours. The immediate need is to send word to him. He is probably in the same position that we were in before Mr. Darrell's arrival, aware, of course, that the communications had been cut, but in ignorance that it had been done by a force sufficient to menace seriously our position here."

"Let the messengers be chosen at once!" exclaimed Vera. "I will prepare the orders. We will catch these Russians like a gun in a glove."

And she made a very graceful gesture to enforce the metaphor.

"I will attend to this matter, in person," said the general, "with the assistance of Colonel Korna. In the meantime it may be that Mr. Darrell will prepare duplicate maps of the Russian position as he saw it. They will be carried by our men and will assist them in getting through the lines."

Darrell bowed as the general and Korna left the room. Vera made a place for him at the table beside her, and he began his work without a word. Sentries paced the veranda outside the windows, and two were within hearing. The noises of the camp came very faintly, and the sound of Darrell's pencil was audible in the room.

"I trust that you conveyed my thanks and my apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon," said Vera suddenly.

Darrell passed his hand across his forehead as one does who would steady his wits.

"I was not authorized to speak for you," he said, "but I know that they fully understood. Of course your sudden departure gave us great anxiety. We were afraid that in escaping from the police you had run into the hands of the czar's agents. It was for that reason that I went to Stavropol, remembering that you had said you might be taken there."

"But I told you where I was going," she exclaimed. "I gave you word for Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. I gave you the means of seeing me again in Paris."

Darrell slowly shook his head.

"I know nothing of this," he said.

"It was all—all in your hat," she cried, stammering prettily in her excitement.

"All in my hat?" he echoed. "I really beg your pardon?"

"I could not find you that hot night," she said hurriedly. "Your hat was lying on the table. I wrote a note and put it under the band inside, so that you must find it when you put the hat on."

"I haven't seen it from that day to this," said Darrell. "A servant must have taken it to my room."

They sat looking into each other's face in silence for at least a minute, each thinking of the pain of mind that this trivial accident had caused.

"I heard that you had gone to Stavropol," said Vera, "but I could not guess



"Let the messengers be chosen at once!" that you were in search of me. In

Stavropol you disappeared, and I feared that you had been murdered by some avenger of Ladislav. It was almost by guesswork, founded upon the vaguest rumor, that I came to believe you had been taken to Gredskov."

Darrell's voice was not free from a tremor of emotion as he rejoined:

"How did you know anything of my fate? The mere fact that you were sufficiently interested to make a single inquiry repays me a hundred times for all I have suffered."

"I had agents in Stavropol," said Vera, coloring, "upon other matters. Having heard that you had traveled in that direction with Ivan Getchikoff, my agents thought you worth an inquiry. They learned that you had been arrested upon your arrival, but neither they, working secretly, nor the American consul, protesting openly, could gain any knowledge of what had happened to you afterward. It was given out that you had been immediately released and had left the city. Your baggage was obtained by the consul, who received also a packet forwarded to you in his care from Paris, by Mr. Gordon doubtless. These things were in the consul's hands three weeks ago."

"Three weeks ago!" cried Darrell, rising slowly. "Have you had word so late?"

Vera's cheeks were burning.

"We have still our agents in Stavropol," she said, "and occasional communication is possible. They have thought it worth while to report to me in regard to your affairs."

"Then nothing else in the world matters in the least," he said. "I do not magnify your interest in me, but—"

She checked him with a look that was both intense and smiling.

"You couldn't," said she almost in a whisper, and at that he laid his hand upon hers, which was palm upward on a pile of military reports.

"Vera," he began, but suddenly there was a clash of guns and sabers in the hall.

The princess rapped upon the table with the scabbard of her sword, a much beloved weapon that had lain across a chair beside her. At the summons an orderly appeared with the rigid haste of a toy monkey on a stick. Vera pointed to the door communicating with the hall, and presently the orderly announced two officers, who were admitted.

They came with reports that concerned the practical details of war, and Darrell heard them with a divided attention, working meanwhile upon his maps. One of them spoke mostly of cannon, and Vera's questions showed a surprising comprehension of the subject. Singularly enough, Vera when speaking of ordnance ceased to seem a play soldier. What she had to say about the capacity of certain light batteries whose disposition seemed to be a subject of some question struck Darrell as apt and accurate beyond criticism. Darrell had followed the chariot of war in many quarters of the globe and indeed had officered troops, white, black and yellow, in the whirl of various emergencies, for which reason this Cossack campaign had appealed to him as a grim and awful joke. But somehow when Vera talked of artillery the thing seemed serious. Perhaps it was the surprise that a woman should know anything whatever about the subject.

"Your excellency," he said when the officers had withdrawn, and then, "I beg your pardon; I am uncertain what form of address you prefer."

"Under the present circumstances," she replied, glancing around the empty room, "I prefer the style which you used just as these annoying people came with their reports."

"Vera," he cried, "I—"

"That is it," she said, "but in public 'excellency,' 'highness' or anything that suggests itself, I am indifferent. And now the maps, the maps! You are slow, sir."

And Darrell, under the compulsion her glance, fell to work earnestly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preparing for Coming Events. Binks—Why did Risley join the priesthood—is he grieving so over his wife's death?

Minks—Not he. His wife was a theosophist, and believed in reincarnation. She prophesied she'd be back in six years, so Risley's gone in for collybery.—Town Topics.

Her Dear Friends. Maud—Haven't you noticed that Isabel is having a good deal of trouble with her eyes these days?

Mabel—No. How?

Maud—She can't keep them off that young Swooper when he happens to be in her neighborhood.—Chicago Tribune.

The Way of the World. "Things are very badly arranged in this world."

"How so?"

"Why, the man with the money usually lacks the digestion and the man with the digestion seldom has the money."—Chicago Post.

Not the Popular Kind. "He prides himself that his new novel is perfectly clean."

"I suppose it is. I don't imagine it will ever get soiled from frequent reading."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

As Seen from Afar. "United States senators are mighty busy people," said Farmer Cornstossel.

"Yes," answered his wife, "it appears like they was either makin' or breakin' laws all the time."—Washington Star.

A Vegetarian. Bizer—Yes, my wife chews the rag a great deal.

Buzzer—Why, I didn't know your wife was a vegetarian!—Ohio State Journal.

Timely Advice. "They say rubber is very high."

Bill—Yes, you ought to begin and economize with your neck, my boy!—Yonkers Statesman.

Not True to Life. "Why do you call it a fairy tale?"

"Because it says they were married and lived happily ever afterward."—Chicago Post.

Appropriate. Juggles—That actress sued him for trifling with her affections, and the jury gave her a verdict for six cents.

Waggles—So the damages were trifling.—Town Topics.



## "WE ARE COMING."

"We are coming, Father Abraham," We shouted in our youth, With old Glory for our oriflamme. In our fight for God and Truth, We heard your voice so tender, So divine and true and kind, The nation's great defender, Calling for the hosts to blue.

We made the march to meet you On this very avenue, Here with our cheers to greet you, As your loyal sons in blue; And every man behind his gun Awaited but the word Of good old Father Abraham, The flash of Freedom's sword!

"Tramp, tramp, the boys were marching," Till the earth ran red and reeled, For your blessing at the starting, Was our greeting for the field; And with such consecration As your homely words and true, And the prayers we call the Nation, We fought and won for you.

And now again we're coming, When 60 years are gone, But O, we miss you welcome As the Day would miss the Dawn; A spectral army marches, The pale and shetless dead, The million sleeping comrades Who at your bidding sped.

"We are coming, Father Abraham," The few who yet remain, To sing our ancient battlesong, Adown the street again; And soon we'll fold our banners, And cross the river, too, And rest with you in glory— All your gallant boys in blue!—Private Darrell, in National Tribune.

## CATHEDRALS UNDER GROUND

Southern Caves That Were Used by the Confederates During the War as Powder Houses.

A few of the vast caverns of the south have long been famous. Several of the southern states abound with these beautiful and impressive works of nature, and there are many far more worthy of the attention of the scientist and tourist than the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, which, aside from its vast extent, the least attractive of the many caverns visited by the writer. No one who has ever visited the romantic Luray Caverns in the Shenandoah, writes Frank H. Taylor, in the National Tribune, will be satisfied with an exploration of the Mammoth Cave, carrying in his hands the only means of illuminating his way. Probably the most fairy-like group of caves yet discovered in the western hemisphere are those of



Belmar, located some five miles from the city of Matanzas, in Cuba. They are reached by volante over a road rough even for a Cuban highway, but one is well repaid for the fatigue as well as the ordeal of the high temperature in the caves when once he has been admitted to the presence of their splendor in stalactites, stalagmites and unutilized frost-work wrought in stone. The lower or new caves at Belmar were opened to the public in the winter of 1880, upon the occasion of the visit of Grant, Gen. Phil Sheridan and their families, an incident in which the writer had the good fortune to participate.

Aside from their interest as marvelous phases of nature, the caves of the southland have a romantic relation to warfare and our national history. As far back as the revolution such of the underground retreats as were then known were the scenes of activity due to the great deposits of clay, rich in saltpeter, essential in the manufacture of gunpowder. During the civil war powder works were located at nearly all of the caves in the southern Blue Ridge country.

The novelist of the confederate era has, as far as I am aware, failed to make use of this fertile field of romance. At the Weyer caves, Nickajack Cave, near Lookout mountain, and at Natural Bridge evidences are still in existence of the extensive work done in excavating the cave clay and their reduction to saltpeter. These caves were also frequent retreats well known to the confederates, whose sudden and mysterious disappearances through the well-concealed entrances, has puzzled many a pursuing commander of union troops. There are tales in the valley of the Shenandoah of whole batteries which have been unobserved and concealed securely in the depths of the mountain, to reappear at critical moments, rake a marching column in the valley below, and then suddenly sink into the earth again.

High up along the lofty western shore of the south branch of the Shenandoah river are the Grottoes of Shenandoah, formerly known as the Weyer Caves. These and the adjoining Fountain Cave are by far the most impressive, beautiful and varied of the whole group.

A dozen years ago, when the great boom-wave swept down the valley, making fortunes on paper over night for the native land holders and creating new towns like a string of beads all along the line of the railroad, a manufacturing city was planned here upon the broad valley plain in front of the cave hill. It was called "Shenandoah" but the railroad authorities

wisely kept the old sign of "The Grottoes" upon the station building. Shenandoah arose and fell. Its inception was born in the brain of Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, of Staunton, once topographical engineer to Stonewall Jackson, and a well-known figure in the valley. When the "boom" had swept past it left a Shenandoah heap of ashes where the hotel had stood and a group of mal-looking factory buildings beside the track and a solitary second-hand street car stranded in the midst of the fields which had so recently figured as choice commercial and homestead sites at prices that would make Washington real estate men mad with joy.

Down beside the South branch is the little grist mill that has ground along comfortably these many years, and which incidentally operates the dynamo which illuminates the temple of the Shenandoah Grottoes. In the delightful Virginian sketches to be found over the signature of "Portia Crayon" in Harper's Magazine some 45 years ago, the Weyer Caves were first brought to public notice, although their existence had been known since the year 1804, and they had been long a favorite point of local resort.

The ground plan of the Grottoes indicates four distinct groups of chambers. In the first series are the Entrance Hall, Statuary Chamber, Solomon's Temple, Throne, Great Cataract, Shell Grotto, Pantheon, Lawyer's Office and Weyer Hall. Included in the second group are the Armory, Shield of Ajax, Belvedere Passage, Tapestry Chamber, Cathedral Chancel, Drum Room, the Dungeons, Senate Hall, Crystal Spring and Spar Room.

In the third group are the Theater, Spring Grotto, Diamond Glen and the Organ and Choir.

This